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mondi, who prefaced everything. "I ask, why have any horns in *Otello*?"

Then he started, for he saw down lower 3d and 4th cor.

"Four!" he exclaimed. "Are we, then, hunting the stag! The theatre, has it become the forest of the Astroni? It is a chase, not an opera."

Donizetti was bursting with laughter, but he kept a sober face.

Sigismondi turned over a few pages.

Suddenly, from being red, he became purple. His eyes projected, his lips trembled; he raised his hands towards the heavens; he tried to speak, but anger prevented him; he could only point out the page to young Gaetano, who looked at it, but did not comprehend the anger of the worthy Librarian.

"Well?" said he, interrogatively.

"How!" roared Sigismondi, who had recovered his speech, "do you not see? There, there, there!" And with his trembling finger he struck the margin of the score.

"Do you not see? 123 trombones!—123! Where are we, great gods! What is to become of us! 123 trombones!"

Thrusting his hands into his hair, he fled, crying: "123 trombones!"

Donizetti followed his glance, and returning to the spot indicated on the score, found this: "1, 2, 3, *trombone*." Unfortunately the author had neglected to place a comma after each figure, so that poor Sigismondi had read, instead of 1st, 2d, and 3d *trombone*, 123 *trombones*.

Notwithstanding this, Donizetti read at his leisure the *chef d'œuvres* of the "*Cygne du Pesaro*."

He was in Heaven.

It was after the perusal of these immortal pages that he commenced to write *La Zingara*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAINTERS' PERILS.

We determined to shoulder our knapsacks and start off into North Wales by the Great Western Railway, and go as far as it would take us. After spending a pleasant time wandering by the Wye, we took seats one very wet morning on the mail-coach from Hereford to Aberystwith, which we resolved to make our headquarters for the main object of our expedition, viz., the bringing back a folio of sketches.

One of our first excursions was, naturally, to the Devil's Bridge, a well-known spot some few miles inland from the coast. We tramped out there, secured our quarters at the comfortable inn, and immediately started, with all the enthusiasm for which in those days we were both celebrated, to explore and mark down the choicest localities and picturesque points where we might best avail ourselves of the brush or pencil.

It is a vain speculation, I imagine, endeavoring to find out why the devil has built so many bridges, scooped out so many punch-bowls, basins and bays, or driven his spade and pickaxe into so many chasms and passes; but certain it is, that he has had a considerable hand in moulding some of the boldest and most paintable parts of the world, if we are to take the fact of his name being associated with them as a proof that they were the result of his superintendence.

I will not stop to recapitulate even some of those most familiar to travelers and artists; all that it is necessary for me now to do is to describe slightly the nature of this particular record of Satan's skill and handi-

work. At the time of which I am speaking, and when my old chum, Michael Hallidown, and I were a good many years younger, this spot seemed to me to be a very devilish sort of place indeed. "Awfully wild and grand," "A wonderful place for sketching," and other rapturous ejaculations were poured forth, characteristic of the aforesaid enthusiasm. We had not been over the St. Gothard then, nor caught a glimpse of the thousand and one far wilder and more picturesque localities bearing his Satanic Majesty's cognomen. Knowing nothing better, it did well enough for us, and certainly the freshness of our enjoyment was ample compensation for our ignorance. It was a bliss never surpassed by all our increased artistic powers and wider knowledge of fine scenery.

We have been for many sketching and walking trips since then, but we have never had a jollier time. It is the old story, and the "Devil's Bridge" near Aberystwith, viewed through the medium of our youth and vigor, was magnified into all that was requisite for our happiness. Green peas, I suppose, have still the same flavor to fellows of one-and-twenty that they ever had; the hours of the ballet must still appear the priceless pearls we then thought them; but clap another score of years upon our heads—the peas are *fade*, and the opera dancers very ordinary paste—a spurious imitation, which the microscope of time enables us to detect from the genuine jewel. And so the "Devil's Bridge" was delightful.

We descended the wood-clad ravine, which led down to the rocky mountain stream, whose waterfall, at the furthest limit of our view, came sparkling, dancing, gurgling and dashing, and doing much of what Southey said the water does at Lodore. This, we conceived, would be the most attractive feature for a sketch, and to get a view of it from a good point of vantage was our main object. We reached the bed of the river, and found no difficulty in crossing from side to side, by hopping, skipping and jumping upon the big boulders and rocks that, from the comparative low state of the stream, were exposed in masses of various size and form, round which the waters gurgled and eddied bright and glittering, and with a music new and delightful to our ears.

The fall itself was a meagre affair after all, but pretty enough to look at; we had not then learned that, as a rule, waterfalls do not make good pictures. But what had we learned? Why, this was almost the very first time that either of us had ever seen a mountain stream, and it would have been rather strange if, loving Nature as we did, we should not have eagerly desired to bring a reminiscence of it away.

The rocky ledge over which the water poured was not above half covered, but it was very pretty, and the vista leading up to it, shut in by steeply-shelving crags, surmounted by young ash and oak trees, here and there almost arching across it, formed a lovely frame-work to the central point of light. We explored the spot thoroughly, and found, in most places, that the banks of the river were so precipitous as to be inaccessible, and, having gone down its course some distance, we came upon the top of a second waterfall deeper than the first, and a place that we felt it would be by no means pleasant to take a "header" over.

We were obliged to retrace our steps across the straggling boulders before we could regain the upper bank, where the path

lay through the wood by which we had descended. In fact, upon closer search, we discovered that it was nearly the only place where it was possible to reach the stream itself, so closely was it shut in by rock and wood. The well-worn path brought us with such little difficulty to this point of access that we were scarcely conscious of the trouble we might have had to get down to the water if we had not struck this particular way.

We at last determined on the place from which we would make our sketch. It was one of the largest flat top table-like sort of rocks, nearly in the centre of the stream, and easily reached by aid of some half-dozen stepping stones. This would do capitally; the composition and effect were perfect, and we made up our minds to set to work upon this pet subject early next morning, with that determination which the youthful aspirant to the noble art of painting is known to possess.

As soon as it was light the following day, Mike came to me with the most forlorn expression of countenance.

"It rains like mad, my dear fellow—coming down in torrents; not a chance of putting your head outside the door for the next twenty-four hours, I can tell you; what a country this is for rain! I shall go to bed again."

Mike was not good at early rising, and it was nothing but his artistic enthusiasm which could have torn him from his bed so soon after dawn to look at the state of the weather. Yes, it was a soaker, but it could not damp our ardor; and when, a little before noon, the clouds began to lift, and rays of sunshine glittered across the hill sides, lighting up the valley which lay in all its autumnal beauty at our feet, we made preparations for a start.

Burning to get to work, we were soon on our way, heavily laden with necessary and unnecessary paraphernalia, to take up the position we had settled on the day before. Very spongy was the ground, and though it had ceased raining, the brisk wind, as it drifted heavy masses of the remnants of the rain-clouds across the sky, also besprinkled us pretty freely with water from the shimmering leaves. Arrived on the bank from which our bit of table-land was accessible, we were somewhat dismayed to find our stepping-stones of yesterday not nearly so numerous, nor so much exposed. The river had risen, but we thought nothing of this, and with only a slight addition here and there to the length of our strides, and an occasional foot-wetting, without much difficulty we reached our station in the middle of the stream before described. Here we unlimbered, arranged our stools side by side, got out frames and blocks, and commenced our labor in earnest. The scene looked far finer than it had done on our previous visit. There was more water coming over the fall, and the ever-changing clouds and sunshine gave an immense variety to the light and shade, which though puzzling to the painter, yet greatly enhanced the attractions of the spot. Mike and I worked pretty equally, and had finished our pencil outline much about the same time, when a passing shower obliged us to seek temporary refuge under our sketching umbrellas, which we had left on the bank, for it was impossible to stick them in the hard rock where we were sitting. We got rather more wet-footed this time in going to and fro, but neither of us seemed

to notice that the river was still rising. Glorious sunshine burst out again after the rain, and we were soon again intent on our drawing, perfectly undaunted by the dripping condition of everything around us.

We chatted away gaily enough, making mild juvenile jokes about this being a sketch in water-colors indeed; and that Winsor and Newton need not have spent so much time in perfecting their moist cakes, if they were to be used in Wales, etc. The rock on which we sat had a smooth level top about four feet long by three broad, admirably adapted for our little settlement. We had our materials scattered about us; our pipes were laid down at our side until wanted again; the color-box, water-bottle, &c., quite handy to our reach. There was no more rain now; the sun began to dry up the superabundant moisture; the wind dropped, and the weather settled into one of those warm, pleasant, quiet autumnal afternoons, when sketching out of doors becomes, to my thinking, the most enjoyable occupation in the world.

Mike, who seldom or never looks at nature when he is painting (though he thinks he does), if we may judge from the result was poring over his paper with nose almost on its surface, "pin-fiddling," as we used to call it, when niggling very much. I myself had been working for the last few minutes at a corner of my sketch, and had not noticed the waterfall for some little time. Suddenly, glancing up at it, I was amazed, and cried out, "By jingo, old fellow, look at the fall now! That's the way we must have it. That's something like a waterfall, if you please!"

It had increased ten-fold, and one huge boiling sheet of brown peat-colored foam came shooting over the full extent of the gap through which the stream at its highest level rushed from the mountains. It was now strikingly grand; but our admiration for the sight which had brought us simultaneously to our feet, drawing-boards in hand, was short-lived, for Mike, more observant of what would follow than I, pointed to the water just below us, saying:

"We must look sharp and get out of this, or else we shall be washed away!"

"Yes," I replied; "but how are we to do it?" for as I spoke I saw that all our stepping-stones had disappeared, and the foaming, seething mass was tearing savagely all around us.

Seated as we had been, only some twenty yards away from the fall thus suddenly swollen, we perceived that the river had of course immediately been influenced by the extra supply poured into it. The result was, that as we spoke and looked about bewildered, the water rose like magic to our feet.

In far less time than it has taken to write these words, it was half way up the sides of our table-rock, and every instant brought it horribly nearer to the top. As we turned and looked hopelessly from side to side for some means of retreat, the bubbling, bottled-porter-like fluid wetted our boots. Together we stopped to make a grab at the color-boxes. As we did this, an extra swirl washed them out of our reach, and they disappeared in a second.

Being certain at the least of a ducking, and instinctively feeling that my sketch must be saved, if possible, from such a contingency, with a desperate effort I flung it high up into the trees and brushwood on the bank by which we had descended, which lay just

abreast of our rock. It was only a stone's throw, and the board fell with a bit of clatter safely on the shore amongst the trees. Halldown instantly followed my example, and with like success; but by the time we had performed this exploit the water was well up round our ankles, rising momentarily higher and higher, lugging at us with such a tearing force that our foothold we could feel was fast giving way.

Something must be done. "Mike," I cried, "help me with this stick," (for by some accident I found my stick in hand,) "and I'll try and step on the next stone, towards the shore. I know whereabouts it is, and though deeper down than this, the water won't be above my head. See if you can come too—keep tight hold of the stick."

The words had scarcely left my lips when, proceeding to carry out my vain intention of striking the nearest stone, my legs were washed from under me, and I was turned head over heels into the deep, boiling, Vandyke-brown-colored waters, which gurgled in my ears and glistened in my eyes. I was spun round like a cork, washed away like a log, and received two or three blows on my body from what I knew to be the rough projecting rocks in and about the bottom of the stream.

Now, fortunately, I was a pretty good water-dog, and so, not losing my presence of mind, things, I suppose, flashed into it with the rapidity of lightning, in a way that they would not otherwise have done; for I can perfectly remember being sensible of the danger there would be of getting stunned if my head came in collision with any of the boulders. Likewise I remembered also, long before I came to the surface, that there was another and deeper fall but a few hundred yards down the stream.

These were the dangers that really occurred to me, the water as it were appearing quite a secondary consideration. I had no fear of drowning if my senses were not knocked out of me, and I found myself rising with my hands involuntarily held over my head as if to protect it; for it must be borne in mind that I was being carried forward by the rapid at a tremendous pace. It is impossible to describe a tithe of my sensations during the four or five seconds which at the most perhaps elapsed when I was head downwards. With a few more thumps and bumps, especially on the shins and knees, and spinning round in eddies, to the top I came, traveling down the stream more like a cork, as I have said, than anything else.

The second fall which, from my previous exploration of the spot, I knew I was speedily approaching, and which, if I went over, I knew must inevitably finish me, was the source of my great anxiety. Swimming was out of the question. If I attempted to strike out for the shore, as I did at first, my hands and arms came into such instantaneous collision with half or wholly hidden rocks, that I again feared being disabled. It was a moment of extreme peril, for a very few more yards would bring me to the top of the second fall. Just then, when hope seemed utterly flying from me, and I was endeavoring to collect myself, and prepare, if possible, for the big descent, suddenly, and with a tremendous access of power, the water swirled, and spun me round as if I had been a top for a minute or more. As it seemed to me, I was in a regular little whirlpool, but not very far from one of the precipitous sides of the river. I was in very deep water now, and I

made one or two desperate efforts to swim, and from the centre I managed to get to the edge of the whirlpool; then, as if by magic, I found myself in calm water, within arms' length of the aforesaid precipitous side. There was no finger-hold, however, or none that could be called such, but still, with the proverbial desperation of the drowning man clutching at a straw, I did somehow manage to hook my nails into a cranny, and then by great luck got a very slight footing. The water, though up to my shoulders, was not pulling at me now, and I felt able to rest and look about me.

As I did so, the first thing that met my gaze was Mike coming down the stream, full pelt in my wake. Being a tall, big man, twice my size, he had not lost his original footing quite as quickly as I had done, so was a little behind me. The torrent, however, made little less ado with him than it had done with me, and directly he reached the place where the eddy was, he too, became a helpless cork, gyrating in its midst. I shouted, "Strike out!" He heard me, and did so, and in another moment was by my side a little lower down the stream, holding on, as the sailors say, by his eyebrows. We had a parley what was to be done. A yard higher or lower than where we were the current would again catch us, and we should for a second time be exposed to the danger of being carried over the other fall. Then occurred one of those ludicrous incidents which I am apt to think do sometimes go hand in hand with the most imminent peril; indeed, despite its extreme danger, the whole affair had not been devoid of a certain air of comicality. But now we could scarce refrain from grinning silently to each other, as we saw our two caps come whirling down the stream exactly as their owners had done. The eddy caught them, and they were spun round and round for a minute or two, and then floated placidly up alongside of us. I made a grab at mine, caught it, and as if I was not wet enough, gave myself an extra shower bath by trying to put it on my head full of water. Then I made a feeble attempt to throw it on the trees, which hung not so very far above us. I failed to effect its lodgment, and it fell for a second time into the rapids. A second time it was swept into the eddy, whirled round as before, and a second time brought up quietly to my side. As if this were not ludicrous enough, precisely the very same thing happened to Mike's wide-awake. This time we were determined not to lose them, and jammed them firmly on to our heads.

Still, what was to be done? We could not stay there till the flood subsided; in fact, the chances were it would increase; and sure enough, as we were consulting, it gradually did so, for it soon enabled me, with a plunge and a dash, to gain a firmer resting-place near to some overhanging boughs. I stretched out my hand and could just get hold of a leaf. With the utmost care I pulled it down until I caught a twig, and then a slightly thicker branch, and then a thicker still. I called to Mike to remain quiet, and by degrees I had a firm bough within my grasp. Yet the sides of the rock were very precipitous, and though not high just here, the earthy top with its protruding roots of trees was much above my reach. Nevertheless, with great precaution, I brought the ash sapling well over the face of the little cliff, and, being a light weight, it was

luckily strong enough to bear me as I scaled the ascent by its aid.

"Hurrah!" we both cried; and I ran to one of the similar young trees which grew just above my friend's position. This I bent over with equal caution until he could grasp it, but being some stones heavier than I, I was obliged to give him a second one, which eventually he also caught, and, with the assistance of the two, and a hand from me, he was at last brought safely on to dry ground.

We congratulated ourselves, and instinctively felt in the breast-pocket of our shooting-coats for the whiskey-flasks. They were both gone. So thoroughly had we been turned topsy-turvy that our pockets were emptied as completely as if we had been walking blindfolded through Seven Dials.

There is little more to be said. It was a very narrow and a very lucky escape. Quite certain it is, that although actual swimming was out of the question, yet had we not both been adepts in the art, and thoroughly used to the water, we should inevitably have been drowned.

The presence of mind which we retained from not finding ourselves completely out of our element would have been denied to any but swimmers, and then nothing could have saved us. Besides the ducking, a few sharp cuts and bruises, and the loss of all our sketching traps, nothing worse came of our mishap. Nay, we did not lose quite all, for on regaining the bank, where we had thrown our drawings, we found them but little injured; and they remain in both our portfolios, to us interesting relics of this our first experience of landscape-painters' perils in a spot which, had we been superstitious, we might indeed have believed was one where the devil still had sway and influence.

Shall I add the moral? Learn above all things to swim, and never trust the bed of a mountain torrent after heavy rains.

THE MISSION OF GENIUS.

A TALE OF ART.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLETT.

It was a lovely summer afternoon, about 1787; one of those days late in the afternoon, when the luxuriance of summer is more precious, because it must soon depart. The serenity of the skies, the blandness of the atmosphere, deepening to a refreshing coolness as the day drew near its close, the bright green of the foliage, and the clear blue of the waters, added joyousness to the wonted cheerfulness of a holiday in the fair city of Bonn and its neighborhood. Numerous boats with parties of pleasure on board, were passing up and down the Rhine; numerous companies of old and young, were assembled under the trees in the public gardens, or along the banks of the river, enjoying the scene and each other's conversation, or partaking of the rural banquet. But we have nought to do with any of these.

At some distance from the city, a wood bordered the city; this wood was threaded by a small sparkling stream, that flung itself over a ledge of rocks, and tumbled into the most romantic and quiet dell imaginable, for it was too narrow to be called a valley. The sides, almost precipitous, were richly lined with verdure; the trees overhung it so closely that at noonday this sweet nook was dark as

twilight; and the profound silence was only broken by the murmur of the stream. A winding path led down to the secluded spot.

Close by the stream, half sat, half reclined, a youth just emerging from childhood. In fact he could hardly be called more than a boy; for his frame showed but little development of strength, and his regular features, combined with an excessive paleness, the result of confinement, gave the impression that he was of even tender years. His eyes would have alone given him the credit of uncommon beauty; they were large, dark, and so bright that it seemed the effect of disease, especially in a face that rarely or never smiled.

A most unusual thing was a holiday for the melancholy lad. His home was an unhappy one. He had been treated from infancy with extreme harshness by his father, whose jealousy of his beautiful wife led him to throw suspicion on the birth of their most gifted son. Louis was unlike either of his brothers; this confirmed the hatred of his father, who loaded the boy day after day with reproaches and instances of unkindness. His brothers received hourly indulgences; Louis had none. They were praised for their application to study, or pardoned when they played truant; Louis was called a dunce, and punished severely for the slightest neglect. His brothers jeered and rallied him continually, he responded by sullen silence. The father boasted of them as his pride; and denounced Louis as an ungrateful blockhead, who had no aptitude or taste for learning.

Besides that this cruel partiality sank deep into the boy's heart, and nourished a degree of jealousy and discontent, Louis felt within himself that he in some degree deserved the charge of neglecting his lessons. His general studies were utterly distasteful and disgusting to him; and he found application to them impossible. His whole soul was given up to one passion—the love of music.

Oh, how precious to him were the moments of solitude! He loved, for this, even his poor garret room, meanly furnished, but rich in the possession of one or two musical instruments, whither he would retire at night when released from irksome labor, and spend hours of delight stolen from slumber, till nature yielded to exhaustion. But to be alone with nature—in her grand woods—under the blue sky—with no human voice to mar the infinite harmony; how did his heart pant for the communion. Welcome, thrice welcome; the permission given to spend this holiday as he pleased; and while others of his age joined lively parties of their friends, he stole forth from the busy city, and wandered as far as he dared, in search of solitude. His breast seemed to expand, and fill with the grandeur, the beauty, of all around him. The light breeze rustling in the leaves came to his ear laden with a thousand melodies; the very grass and flowers under his feet had a language for him. His spirit, long depressed and saddened, sprang into new life, and rejoiced with unutterable joy. Yes—the lonely—friendless boy, to whom no father's heart was open, was happy—beyond measure happy!

Blessed is the poet, for him there is an inner life, more glowing, more radiant, more intense than the life of other men. For him there is a voice in nature, mute to others, that whispers of peace and love, and immortal joy. To him the visible enshrines the invisible; the earthly is but the shell of the godlike with which his spirit claims kindred.

Wo to him, if he, the appointed interpreter of Heaven, do not reveal to men less favored the utterings of that mysterious voice; if he suffer not the light within him to radiate a glory, that it may enlighten the earth!

The hours wore on, and a dusky shadow fell over foliage and stream, and the solitary lad rose to leave his chosen retreat. As he ascended the narrow winding path, he was startled by hearing his own name, and presently a man apparently middle aged, and dressed plainly, stood just in front of him.

"Come back, Louis," said the stranger; "it is not so dark as it seems here; you have time enough this hour, to return to the city."

The stranger's voice had a thrilling, though melancholy sweetness. Louis suffered him to take his hand, and lead him back. They seated themselves in the shade beside the water.

"I have watched you for a long while," said the stranger.

"You might have done better," returned the boy, reddening at the thought of having been the subject of espionage.

"Peace—boy," said his companion: "I love you, and have done all for your good."

"You love me!" repeated Louis surprised. "I never met you before."

"Yet I know you well. Does that surprise you! I know your thoughts also. You love music better than aught else in the world; but you despair of excellence—because you cannot follow the rules prescribed."

Louis looked at the speaker with open eyes.

"Your master, also, despairs of you. The court organist accuses you of conceit and obstinacy; your father reproaches you; and all your acquaintances pronounce you a boy of tolerable abilities, spoiled by an ill disposition."

The lad sighed.

"The gloom of your condition increases your distaste to all subjects not directly connected with music, for you feel the need of her consolations. Your compositions, wild, melancholy as they are, embody your own feelings, and are understood by none of the connoisseurs."

"Who are you!" cried Louis, in deep emotion.

"No matter who I am, I come to give you a little advice, my boy. I compassionate, yet I revere you. I revere your heaven-imparted genius; I compassionate the woes those very gifts must bring upon you through life!"

The boy lifted his eyes again; those of the speaker seemed so bright, yet withal so melancholy, that he was possessed with a strong fear.

"I see you," continued the unknown, solemnly, "exalted above homage, but lonely and unblest in your starlike elevation. Yet the lot of such is fixed by Fate; and 'tis better, perhaps, that one should consume in the sacred fire, than that the many should lack illumination."

"I do not understand you," said Louis—wishing to put an end to the interview.

"That is not strange, since you do not understand yourself," said the stranger.

"As for me—I pay homage to a future sovereign!" and he suddenly snatched up the boy's hand and kissed it. Louis was convinced of his insanity.

"A sovereign in Art,"—continued the unknown. "The sceptre that Haydn and Mozart have held, shall pass, without interregnum, to your hands. When you are acknow-